

Beyond Reach

by Spartan 13

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Summary: A story, post halo 3. Takes place after a second unsuccessful conquest of reach. What did the covenant find? stay tuned for chapter two!

## 1. Chapter 1

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**\*\*Beyond Reach\*\***

**\*\*Transmission between Master chief and Spartan113:\*\***

**\*\*Spartan113's whereabouts: KIA.\*\***

**\*\*Master Chief's whereabouts: MIA.\*\***

S.113: chief! I can't hold em for much longer!

Master Chief: Stay down trooper! We've got a MEDVAC coming your way.

S.113: chief! They're closing in!!

Master Chief: I said stay down!

S.113: Sir, I don't want to die out here!!

Master Chief: You won't, trooper. Now keep your wits and hold back that drop ship!

S.113: No! Sir! They're, they're, Gaahhhh!

No! GAAAahhhh.

Master Chief: Spartan? Spartan! NO!

**\*\*END TRANSMISSION.\*\***

Master Chief was stuck. He was pinned behind a wall with Covenant closing in slowly, but surely. They were grunts and elites, nothing he couldn't handle. But He had one problem. There were easily one thousand of them. That wouldn't have been a problem if he weren't alone.

\_Well, this sucks \_he thought to himself. \_Still, my backup won't be here for another hour, so I have to make the best of my remaining ammo.\_

The counter on his battle rifle counter read 0, He tossed it to the side. His SMG ammo counter read 10.

\_That's enough. \_He thought. \_Lets do this. \_

Master Chief was slowly making his way towards the center of the circle of vehicles on the front line. His SMG ammo meter read 9. He knew where the missing bullet was to.

\_Firmly lodged into the cortex of an enemy covenant. \_He thought to himself as he smiled. \_Nine bullets left, and I have to get to that drop ship!\_

Master chief knew that his only hope was stealth. He was half way to the covenant drop ship and he had to get there to save himself.

\_Twenty more yards! \_He screamed in his head. \_10! 9! 8! 7! 6! 5! 4! 3! 2! 1!\_

"Devil! Monster!" A grunt screamed at the forest green figure sneaking towards their currently vacant ship. Master chief jumped, high. The shocks in his mijolnr mark IV battle armor launched him almost seven feet in the air. He landed on the open cockpit of the drop ship.\_ Bang! Bang! Bang! \_Three shots, three kills. One grunt, one elite minor, and one elite marked, as the pilot of the ship Master Chief was about to confiscate. All the other covenant turned at the sound of a human weapon being fired. Master Chief's ammo count read 6.

\_Time to get the hell out of dodge! \_He thought to himself.

He got into the drop ship and fired once more at a charging Covenant brute. He then lifted off and had broken the atmosphere in less than ten minutes.

\_I should probably send a message to Captain Keys; the whole ship is probably wondering where I am! \_"Master Chief to Keys. I am safely off reach and am setting the autopilot on my drop ship to enter earth's orbit in ten days. Reach really needed that back up! Relay this information to the UNSC command center. Reach has been lost. Master chief is coming home.

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Master Chief, though the planet Reach was lost, was welcomed as a hero, but Commander Josiah interrupted his welcoming party with good

news and bad news.

"Good news first" he spoke with the utmost glee. "We've found a new planet, habitable by humans, only seven light-years from earth!

The welcoming committee Shouted with joy at the thought.

"I'd better talk to the chief alone for the bad news."

"What is it, commander?" Master chief asked. If there was even the slightest touch of a hint of worry in his voice, Commander Josiah didn't detect it.

"The covenant has already found the planet. It's just a small group. normally we would Just send some marines. But we have the feeling they are hiding something, big."

"Exactly, how big?"

"New forerunner technology big. Bigger than any Halo. Chief, we think we've found the forerunners key to creating life! Like Flood and such, only much bigger. On the scale were we could create an entire race of marines, or-"

"COVENANT!" The worry was now highly detectable in Master Chiefs voice.

## 2. Chapter 2

Note: I do not own any of these characters. Microsoft owns all rights of these characters.

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Master Chief was, as always, stuck. Once again, stuck.

Am I always the lone survivor? Could it hurt to leave one marine behind? Preferably, the one with the rocket launcher. He thought to himself as he looked around the corner of the steel barricade set up by the strike team of marines sent with him to this new planet.

Once again, they had died within the first five minutes. But he could handle himself. It was only a small outpost of Covenant anyways. Two hunters, ten elites, fifty jackals and one hundred grunts. He could count them all from where he was.

This would be so much easier with a sniper rifle!

He mentally berated himself for not picking up that dead marines sniper rifle, but he was so rushed he forgot what he was doing in the heat of battle.

Am I getting old? He thought jokingly to himself.

That's when he decided to do something he hadn't done in over fifteen years. He was going to juke the enemy. He did it once during a war game back at training camp. He sifted through faces of dead bodies and successful missions stored in his head to remember exactly how he did it. He had four frag grenades, eight Shot gun rounds, two plasma

grenades, a dead marines armor, fifty assault rifle rounds, and one bubble shield.

\_More than enough. \_He thought, \_Time to take out the trash!\_

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Several elites jumped when they heard a human voice coming from the bushes. They sent ten grunts and a jackal to go check it out. They were all surprised and terrified to see that it was only a marine's helmet playing back a message. The terrifying part, there was blue flame leaking out of the open end.

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As soon as master chief heard the loud \_\*\*BOOM! \*\*\_From the grenade, he waited for the elites to run towards the chaos. Then he immediately jumped out of hiding and stuck one hunter in the gut with the remaining plasma grenade. He proceeded to mow down thirty grunts with the remaining rifle ammo, piggy back the other hunter and shotgun him two times in the back of the head, pull the four frag grenade pins simultaneously, throw them down, and activate his bubble shield before the second plasma grenade exploded. When it did, the elites took off running towards Master Chief. But before they could get there, the frag grenades exploded and created a diversion while killing the remaining grunts. Master chief stole away silently into the forest before the Elites realized what happened.

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Two hours later, Master chief was staring into a twenty-foot wide hole in the ground. It went down about fifty feet and revealed a platform that held ten wraith tanks, fifty ghosts, twenty hunters, fifty brutes, five hundred elites, and too many grunts to count.

Master chief opened a flap of armor and pressed a large red button underneath, opening the emergency link to earth.

"Earthlink UNSC inter-stellar communications network, how may I help you?"

"This is master chief" He replied dryly "We have a code 207-red in sector five. I need to talk to General Josiah.

### 3. Chapter 3

\*\*3\*\*

Master Chief, for once, was not stuck. He was actually quite safe at the moment. He had slipped under the radar of the covenant and onto a cliff at the edge of a peninsula only a mile away. He had there set coordinates for the UNSC fleet to drop into orbit. He then sat to do what he rarely had time to. Master Chief sat and thought.

He never much liked thinking. It made him second-guess himself. So rather Master chief contemplated where he had been, what he had done, and how he would fix it. He never noticed before the exotic beauty in this strange new planet.

There were two suns, one was giving off the light, and the other one just hung there, red and dying. He looked back upon the land. His Mjolnir Mark IV battle helmet zoomed and focused, finding the path he had traveled. Where Master Chief dropped, it had been sandy and dusty. There was a small wooden watchtower set up by the Covenant. He saw the blue smoke rising from the smoldering helmet. Master Chief turned his head about forty degrees to the left and ten degrees down, eyeing the area at which he had entered the forest.

The way the sand melted into the trees seemed artificial. Yet at the same time, his reading told him this world was one hundred percent natural.

“Maybe a residual effect” “from this damned machine I'm supposed to find.” “It would help if you hurried up with that fleet!” Master Chief shouted into the sky.

Suddenly, as if a prayer had been answered, a computerized voice informed Master Chief through the inter-com system in his helmet, “Six vessels entering atmosphere” confirmed UNSC.”

“Six command ships, you've really out done yourself Commander!”

—

Master Chief spent the rest of the five minutes of waiting planning an attack formation. What he saw break the atmosphere made him want to snap Commander Josiah's neck

“Shoot! I ask for a fleet and he sends me ten hell jumpers! This is just great!”

He then realized that the jumpers were not locked onto his GPS. They were headed for the beach, some one thousand feet down and away from where Master Chief was.

“They're going to hit the sand” “He thought, “not good!”

They were about to hit the sand. But the part of that that made it not good was that there were about thirty Brutes waiting for them.

“The marines are not trained to fight one brute, much less three on one!”

But Master Chief was, for the first time, mistaken. Sadly mistaken.

Before he even thought he saw them hit the ground, three brutes were stuck with grenades, ten had tree inch holes in their heads, seven were mowed down by machine gun fire, nine were running away when they were all blown away by a frag grenade, and one was on his face on the ground with a plasma sword in his back. In a staggered line watching the carnage were six Spartans, fresh off Earth.

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Back on earth, Commander Josiah was wondering how Master Chief was taking to the six Spartans he sent to help Master Chief.

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Master chief was now racing down the switchbacks toward the team of Spartans stood. He noticed the way they stood, the way the looked. These were elite Spartans. The best of the best. They weren't going to play around. He was now at his destination.

"Solute and state your rank, soldiers!" Master chief shouted.

"Spartan-110, assault!"

"Spartan-111, assault!"

"Spartan-112, Special ops. Stealth!"

"Spartan-113, special ops. Weaponry!"

"Spartan-114, Sniping!"

"Spartan-115, Heavy weapons!"

It was an impressive spectacle. Seven Spartans, ready for action. But what happened next made it even more impressive. "Two ships entering atmosphere. Confirmed UNSC." Master Chief's Mjolnir mark IV battle helmet zoomed on two cargo carriers flying toward the surface. He already knew what was inside them. Warthogs.

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file.